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Gems of Thought Lost Forever.
Mr. Jingle suddenly turned back his cuff and wrote upon it. It happened in an interval of the passing the champagne.

"Do you often take notes in that way?" asked a woman who set by him, much interested.

"Often," the poet returned, "but the trouble of it is that when I read it over the next day I can't for the life of me make out what the notes are that I meant to take. Then the shirt goes into the wash and there's an end of it. What's the use, anyway?" as the waiter again passed the tall glass of champagne into his outstretched hand.

"True," the woman assented, quietly. "What's the use?"

Slang.

Slang words and phrases are pioneers of the language to be. Some of these pioneers die on the plains, not virile enough to cross the centuries, and the purists rot with them. The really apt slang words inherit the earth, the people and the dictionaries.

They are born on the athletic field or in the stress of crowded life, where short cut speech is a necessity. You find them first in the yellow journals and the mouths of babes.

If you are responsible for any of the babes you have to be a purist pro tem. Don't fret too hard! You are merely hearing language in the making. Ten years settles a word in the dictionary—or in oblivion.—From the Nautilus

His Life Was Too Monotonous.
"You need a change," said the physician.

"In what way, Doc?"

"Your life is altogether too monotonous."

"You surprise me."

"It's true. Any man who doesn't get into bed until morning and then gets up in the morning, too, is leading too monotonous a life."

One of Life's Sad Facts.

Pay days come and pay days go, but bills go on forever.

Pig Errantry.

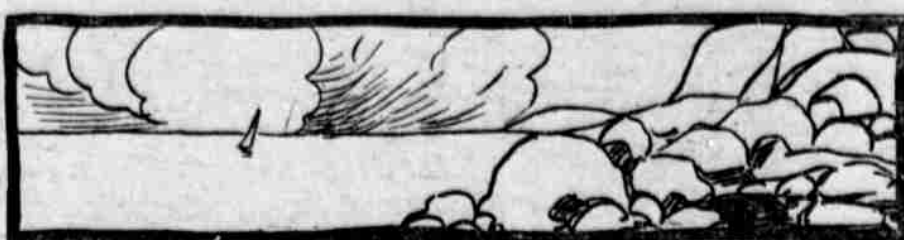
The report of the cattle market committee presented at Colchester town council the other day contained an item as to a pig starving, followed by "Resolved, That the town clerk communicate with the offender, warning him against committing any offense in future." It was touching to hear that penitent animal giving its word of honor that nothing of the sort should occur again.—London Globe.

True Love.

There is but one mate for each man and woman in the world and until they recognize the fact and learn with patience to await the note of absolute conviction which is the one infallible guide to happiness, marriages will fail as they fall now and the church will give its empty blessing to those ill-assorted pairs whom God forever leaves unblessed.—Exchange.

Pertinent Observation.

"Some men," says Hans, the baker's boy, "was always like der keyhole on der back of a clock. They was behind time."



"My Ring! It Is Gone—My Ruby Ring."



SYNOPSIS.

Three girls—Elizabeth, Gabrielle and Elise—started for Canada to spend the summer there. On board steamer they were frightened by an apparently demented stranger, who, finding a bag belonging to one of them, took enjoyment in scrutinizing a photo of the trio. Elise shared her stateroom with a Mrs. Graham, also bound for Canada. The young women on a night-seeing tour met Mrs. Graham, anxiously awaiting her husband, who had a mania for sailing. They were introduced to Lord Wilfrid and Lady Edith. A cottage by the ocean was rented by the trio for the summer. Elizabeth learned that a friend of her father's was to call. Two men called, one of them being the queer-acting stranger on the steamer. The girls were "not at home," but discovered by the cards left that one of the men was Elizabeth's father's friend. The men proved to be John C. Blake and Gordon Bennett. A wisp of yellow hair from Mr. Graham's pocket fell into the hands of Elise. Mrs. Graham's hair was black. Lady Edith told the girls of a robbery of jewels at the hotel. Fearing for the safety of her own gems, she left them in a safe at the cottage. Mr. Gordon Bennett was properly introduced, explained his queer actions, returned the lost bag and told of mysterious doings of a year before connected with the cottage. Exploring the cellar, one of the girls found a sphinx cut-button, the exact counterpart of which both Gordon Bennett and Lady Edith were found to possess, also. Elise, alone, explored the cellar, overhearing a conversation there between Mary Anne and a man. He proved to be her son, charged with murder. The young women agreed to keep the secret. Lady Edith told a story of a lost love in connection with the sphinx key. Elise and Gordon Bennett discovered Lady Edith and Mr. Graham, the latter displaying a marvelous baritone voice.

CHAPTER X.—Continued

Lady Edith rested her chin on her hand and thought a while. Mr. Blake and Mr. Graham gazed at the lovely face grown suddenly serious as she pondered the question, and I knew that Gordon Bennett forgot my very existence as he leaned forward awaiting her reply.

"It is hard for me to realize," she said slowly, "never having been tempted."

"How can any one know what he would do until the time comes?" interrupted Mr. Graham, "as to yielding to an impulse—well, why are we given impulses if not to obey them?"

"Isn't that rather a dangerous theory?"

Lady Edith laughed as she spoke, but there was a note of anxiety in her voice, and she glanced involuntarily

at her brother, who still maintained his sulky silence.

"A very dangerous theory," remarked Mr. Bennett; "but to return to our discussion. Smuggling is a hazardous business, Lady Edith, and it requires some courage, too, for one practically takes his life in his hands, especially stormy nights when the sea runs high."

"Yes," ejaculated Mrs. Graham;

"yes!"

"Oh, I don't know," said her husband, "it has its compensations. One lives, you know—lives. Think of a night, out there, with the waves mountains high—a stiff wind, and raining, perhaps. Black sky, black water, black everything, and the uncertainty about landing your cargo safely. Then the sail back again triumphant and exulting—you and the elements alone together. Can't you taste the salt spray? Can't you feel the boat cut through the water? Can't you—"

"Harry!"

He paused abruptly and turned to his wife.

"I beg your pardon, Juliet," he said very gently, "I quite forgot your aversion to the water or I wouldn't have let myself go."

As Elizabeth often insisted, there were nice things about Mr. Graham after all. His patience with his wife's vagaries were certainly most commendable, yet I found myself reaching out after her hand as though I understood and sympathized with her strange attitude—which I certainly did not.

Meanwhile the little boat sailed on, and whether it carried a smuggler with his ill-gotten spoils or my treasures from the Land of Dreams we never knew, for it slipped away into the darkness as quietly as it had emerged. I felt as though I had lost something very valuable as I looked out over the empty water and the ensuing silence brought me no vaguely blissful dreams, but rather a sense of uneasiness and impending danger.

Our fire had burned itself away into a bed of embers, where charred bits of wood occasionally sent forth feeble flames as the night wind brought them renewed life. The moon climbed high

in the heavens as we sat listening to the waves wash over the rocks, while the embers glowed and paled and glowed again in indignant protest against their relegation to the ashes of the past.

Presently Lady Edith turned to Graham. "Sing," she said.

And Harry Graham obeyed without self-conscious demur. Looking up at the rock where she sat with Elizabeth, he smiled and removed his cap.

"If it will give you pleasure," he said, quite simply.

She made a gesture of assent and after a moment's silence he began to sing, softly at first, then his voice gradually attained its full compass. I have never heard a voice just like Harry Graham's—so strong and yet so sweet. It had a wonderful depth of tenderness about it, too, and we listened entranced, unwilling to lose a note or a word of his song, which was quite unfamiliar to me at least.

Out of the purple distance,
Over the surging sea,
Borne on the winds of heaven
Cometh a Voice to me;
See how the white gull resteth
Low o'er the tossing spray,
Pausing awhile to listen
Before it is up and away!

O'er the trackless waste of waters
Where nameless thousands sleep,
From the realm of endless silence,
Cometh the Voice of the Deep;
Hark, to the whispering water
Bringing a message to me,
"Child of the restless ocean,
Thy destiny waits for thee."

Where the far-away dim horizon
Touches the mist-bound sea,
There lieth an Unknown Kingdom
With its gates ajar for me;
And, so, like the gull, I'm resting
At peace o'er the tossing foam,
Just waiting, listening, longing,
For the Voice to call me home.

"Don't! Oh, Harry, don't," Mrs. Graham had risen and was gazing at her husband with widely dilated eyes and arms extended. It was a cry of irrepressible suffering, apparently wrung from her against her will.

I reached her first, being nearest, and as I slipped my arm through hers I found that she was trembling and very cold.

Mr. Graham had reached his wife almost as soon as I had and his voice was filled with genuine solicitude.

"Why, you're cold," he continued, "awfully cold, your lips are quite blue and trembling. This night air has been too much for you, as you feared. I'm sorry I urged you to come, but I thought you would enjoy it."

She clung to him, oblivious of our presence.

"Take me home. I must go home," "And so you shall."

He spoke gently, as one calms a frightened child, and still retaining her hand turned to Elizabeth.

"I'm really very sorry, but we must go home. It has been an awfully jolly evening. Mrs. Graham is a bit unstrung, she's not strong, you know; I shouldn't have allowed her to stay out so long in the night air. And of course I shouldn't have sung."

We murmured polite, if slightly incoherent, regrets and tried to look as though nothing surprising had happened, but I think we were all relieved when the Grahams finally departed. As we watched their retreating figures gradually grow smaller in the distance, Gabrielle voiced the question that trembled on my lips.

"Why shouldn't he sing?"

Nobody was ready with an appropriate reply, for it really did seem as though one endowed with so enviable a gift should be permitted to use it at will.

I shivered a little, for the embers no longer sent out any heat, and the wind from the ocean had suddenly grown damp and chill. Lady Edith also shivered and drew her cloak closely about her.

"I think we, too, must go," she said; "I am sorry the evening has ended. It has been very delightful, and I shall always remember it."

"I should suppose, Mrs. Graham would remember it also," remarked Gabrielle, "but I don't believe she thought it delightful."

We were gathering up our wraps preparatory to going home as she spoke, and Mr. Blake had just taken possession of the shawl spread upon the rock where Elizabeth had been sitting when she uttered an exclamation. "My ring! It is gone—my ruby ring."

This ring was Elizabeth's dearest possession and the pride of her heart. It was a marquise, formed of seven rubies surrounded by diamonds, and as all of the stones were unusually good it was really very valuable. We were agast at the catastrophe and hastened to help her look for it.

"It can't be gone," exclaimed Gabrielle, turning over sticks and stones suspiciously; "it must be here."

"It was too loose; I should not have worn it. I must have rolled into the water and I shall never see it again."

Elizabeth spoke in the hushed tone in which one refers to those recently removed by death.

"Don't feel that way about it," said Lord Wilfrid, roused at last; "I am quite sure we will find it. Let's see—you sat here with Edith, and Graham and Mr. Blake just below. It might have caught in the fringe of the shawl. Perhaps Mr. Blake will kindly shake it."

Mr. Blake complied without result. Useless also was the ensuing search of the rocks, although they were gone over inch by inch, the men lighting matches to examine dark crevices while we scrutinized the most improbable places and tried to peer into the rapidly rising water.

At last we gave it up and prepared to go home, each in turn assuring Elizabeth that when morning came she would surely find her ring, but nevertheless secretly convinced that it was irrevocably gone.

"I've had a good time, barring the last half hour," said Gordon Bennett, as he took my shawl; "have you?"

"I don't know what Elizabeth will ever do without her ring," was my evasive reply.

"Give her another. The jewels your ship is bringing you are far more valuable—"

"Nonsense," I interrupted. "Can't you see that she is unhappy and we are all worried?"

"Please don't worry," he said; "tomorrow morning bright and early I'll have another look at the rocks. I'm rather a good prophet and something tells me she will get it again. If I can't find it I'll get a diver and see what he can do. But I don't think we will need him, for when daylight comes it will probably be discovered exactly where she dropped it. Anyway, there is no use giving up a thing as lost until every possible means of finding it is exhausted. You won't worry, will you?"

These practical suggestions were very cheering and I turned to repeat them to Elizabeth. She was saying good-night to the Campbells, who had decided to return to the hotel along the shore. To my surprise I heard Lady Edith also suggesting the services of a diver.

"They are quite wonderful, you know," she was saying, "and all sorts of things have been recovered from the ocean."

"Yes," added Lord Wilfrid, "we will all have another look to-morrow, and if it is not to be found by daylight I know of an expert diver. However, I'm sure when the tide goes out it will be left among the rocks."

So by degrees our guests departed and we returned to the cottage, rather depressed and inclined to consider the evening a failure.

Mary Anne met us, holding the door hospitably open and smiling expansively.

"Well," she remarked, "and did you 'ave a good time? And didn't I 'ave a good supper?"

We told her about Elizabeth's loss and she listened in silence. But her ruddy face grew serious and her jaw dropped, as we described our search among the rocks and our theory that the ring had dropped into the sea.

"Lost, is it?" she said at last; "don't you fret, Miss Elizabeth, dear. I know them rocks inch by inch, and I'll 'ave a look meself, so I will. Jest go to sleep and rest easy now."

We were glad to follow this sensible advice, but I think we all were some time in getting to sleep. I found myself thinking of Mrs. Graham, rather than the lost ring, and wondering vaguely why she did not like to hear her husband sing. The puzzle was too much for me, and I was just slipping into a blissful state of unconsciousness when I thought I heard a step under my window.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LONG WARS DUE TO WHISKERS.

Trivial Incident Led to Three Hundred Years of Fighting.

For ages beards were the delight of

ancient beauties. The sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion. To obey the injunctions of his bishops, Louis VII. of France cropped his hair a la pompadour and shaved off his luxuriant whiskers. Eleanor of Aquitaine, his consort, found him with this uncommon appearance very ridiculous and very contemptible. She revenged herself by becoming something more than a coquette. The king obtained a divorce. She then married the count of Anjou, who shortly afterward ascended the French throne, and gave him as her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for 300 years ravaged France and which cost the French nation 3,000,000 men. All of which, probably, had never taken place if Louis VII. had not been so rash as to shave off his whiskers, by which he made himself so disgusting to the fair Eleanor.

Doctor Not Needed.

"I got an awfully funny note once from Gen. —, an Irish-American on the staff of Gov. —," said Dr. Shackelforth. "His wife was taken with a sudden indisposition, he summoned his servant and bade him get the buggy ready to come for me. By the time the horse was hitched up and the general had written me a note his wife recovered. But he sent the note anyway, with a postscript.

"My Dear Doctor: I wish you would hurry around this way as fast as you can. My wife is desperately ill. Jump into my buggy and come along. Don't let anything stop you. "P. S.—My wife having recovered, you need not come."